PART L-CONTINUED I renewed my efforts to tear ope the door-in vain. The engine was before me, and, almost on the thought, I found myself upon it, struggling with the engineer, who strove to prevent my mad purpose. I remembered nothing more. A sudden crash—an upheaving that heralded the violent ending of the world.

ing more. A sudden crash—an upheaving that heralded the violent ending of the world—the flying of a myriad fiery particles in the air—and then, oblivion. When I recovered my senses I heard that a terrible accident, inexplicable to all but me, had occurred, and that my wife and her paramour were killed, with a score of other persons. Upon earth I was never to see their faces again."

At that moment William, looking toward the house, saw for the third time the mysterious shadow on the snow. In some unaccountable way, it inspired him with unreasonable resentment, and nothing but the strong interest he took in Stephen's story would have deterred him from pursuing it.

When I arose from my bed of sickness I was a changed man. I had tasted the sweetness of life, and it had poisoned my blood. I closed my door upon all humanity. The shadow of death was hanging over my house—for oh, William Fairfield! when in my despair I had dashed my baby beauty to the earth, I had not killed her, but I had maimed, deformed her beyond all mortal cure, and she grew into what you see her now. She does not know that it is I who indicted this bitter grief upon her. Mercifully it is hidden from her, as it has been hidden from all others until this night. It was supposed that she met with an accident for which no human hand was accountable; but I, her father, made her what she is. I, her father, weeked her young life upon the rock of my despair; and I, her father, hour after hour, day after day, bear within me the seeds of a remorse so strong and agonizing that I would tear myself limb from limb could

after day, bear within me the seeds of a remorse so strong and agonizing that I would tear myself limb from limb could I atone for the blight that I have brought upon my child."

The night had grown very still; no sound of merriment floated from the house. The shadow had disappered. As William noted this, there stole into his heart a suspicion which made him shadder.

shudder.

"Do you wonder now that I am morose, sullen, uncharitable? Do you wonder now that I shun my fellowmen—that I hate them all, scorn, dismen—that I hate them all, scorn, distrust them all? But not to excuse myself have I spoken. Take warning that you are not betrayed as I was betrayed. It is the soul, not the face, of a woman that constitutes the happiness of man. If you ask why I have told you my story, I may in some part truly answer that it is to save you from a fate similar te that which fell to my unhappy lot."

To save me!" exclaimed William. "To save me!" exclaimed William.
"Ay," returned Stephen; "you love
Laura Harrild's face as I loved the face
of my wife. She is fair and beautiful
—as was my wife. Learn from me
that every fair woman is alike in this that she so thirsts for admiration that the love of one man will not suffic

her."
"You wrong them, you wrong them," murmured William.
them," murmured William.

"Believe so, and dream your dream till it is too late. This woman that you adore plays love and devotion to you when you are together; gives you honeved words when you and she are alone; smiles upon you, presses your hand, yields to your embrace—she does

hand, yields to your embrace—she does all this, I warrant; and yet to-night—"
"To-night!" echoed William, look-Ing around with a bewildered air.
"This very night," said Stephen, in a tone hushed perhaps in compassion for the misery depicted in the young man's face, "this very night I saw her clasped in another man's arms—"
"You lie!" cried William, in an ag-onized vicee, "You lie! As there is

onized voice. "You lie! As there I speak the truth. By my child's life, I swear it!

It was a solemn gath solemnly uttered, and it was accepted as direct testimony by the younger man. He held up his hands mechanically in a pitiable appeal for silence, and Stephen obeyed the motion. In the few brief moments that ensued, all the glory of the night faded away in William Fair-field's sight. The more lest its brief field's sight. The moon lost its brightheld's sight. The moon lost its bright-ness, the clouds their beauty, the white snow its purity. Stephen's whispered defilement had defiled the place and season. Yet a duty had to be per-formed—his manhood had to be vinditormed—his manhood had to be vindi-cated. But first he would make sure; perhaps he had mistaken the purport of Stephen's accusation.

"Repeat," he said, in a set, dogged tone, "and briefly, what you have tready said concerning Laura Har-lld."

Two hours since, I saw her youder," said Stephen, in measured tones, pointing to the spot where William had seen the shadow, "pressing a man to her heart with as fond affection as false woman can show. You can best say whether that man was William Fair-

It was true, then. He had not mistaken the meaning of the accusation. But two hours since! What was he do-ing at that time? With an effort he collected his thoughts. collected his thoughts. It was at that very time he had seen the shadow of the man on the snow, and had called the man on the snow, and had called Laura's attention to it; and she had implored him not to go out, and had then left him for fully half an hour. For what purpose? To meet her secret lover, to weep and smile over him, to yield to his embrace. Had not Stephen seen them? This man, whom all the world condemned and looked upon with aversion, had proved his truest friend. Utterly blotted from his memory was the pledge he had given to the woman of his choice: "Put me to a zevere test, and see me smiling at you vere test, and see me smiling at you with perfect trusfulness, as I do now, with perfect trustuiness, as I do how, loving you, believing in you, though all the world were against you." He looked vacantly into Stephen's face. "Have you anything more to tell

"You will not be very pleased to hear it; but you should know, for it may lead you to evidence that can not be shaken."

haken."
"Say it, then."
"I heard your fair woman make an appointment to meet her man an hour dier midnight, behind the house."
William staggered against the tree., in appointment at midnight! His ove, when he had believed to be se-

pure as she was beautiful! Oh, shame! shame! What Stephen said was true. All fair and beautiful women were alike; the love of one man can not suffice; they trick and lie to their lover's faces, and laugh at them behind their backs. In what way did his manhood call upon him to act? To go to Laura, and proclaim her shame in the midst of her gay company, and then fling her from him forever? Should he in this way openly disgrace her? No, he would watch first; this night he would play the spy upon her, and satisfy himself if Stephen's words were true. If they were, and if at midnight this false girl met her lover secretly, why, then—
But he could think no further. A dozen times his thoughts carried him to this point, and there he stopped, dazed and confused. He glanced at Stephen Winkworth. Was it possible that he should ever grow like this man—hated by and hating all? Love had made the word beautiful to him; if love were false, in what or whom could he believe?"

If love were false! Was not the proof strong enough? Already in his heart, love's pure spirit was defiled.

if love were false, in what or whom could he believe?"

If love were false! Was not the proof strong enough? Already in his heart, love's pure spirit was defiled.

"Oh," he groaned, clenching his hands in agony, "oh, Laura, Laura! How could you thus deceive me?"

He had judged her. Weak as he was, he had condemned her. The first whisper of unfaithfulness. It mattered not from what lips—had been to him a proof of her guilt.

But he would watch to-night. To this, amidst much confused wandering, his mind was settled; and, so resolved, he moved mechanically toward the

he moved mechanically toward the

bouse.
"Don't grieve too much, my lad,"
said Stephen, as he walked by William's side; "she is not worth it. It is
hard to bear, but it is better now than "Be silent!" exclaimed William,

"Be silent!" exclaimed William, moodily. "You have told me to-night that which may blast my life."

Yes; this man had poisoned the well which had sweetened his existence. This man had made him doubt.

He met Laura in the passage. Uneasy at his long absence, she had been looking for him about the house, uever thinking that he had been out in the cold night for such a length of time. Her face lighted up gladly as she stepped toward him. Could he not see that there only purity and innocence dwelt? Could he not look into her truthful eyes and see the reflex of her stainless soul?

No. Doubt and jealousy had blinded

truthful eyes and see the reflex of her stainless soul?

No. Doubt and jealousy had blinded him. Maddened by what he had heard, he pushed rudely by her, and then, with sudden remorse, stooped and kissed her, despising himself the next moment for the impulsive tenderness. She drove back the tears that had welled into her eyes, and, laying her head timidly upon his shoulder, nestled fondly to him.

"I have missed you ever so long," she said, sweetly, "and poor Alice has been asking after you so anxiously, that she must have been afraid you were lost."

were lost."

"Laura," he said, with a fierce passion in his voice, "do you love me?"

"You frighten me, William," replied the girl, shrinking timidly from him.

He observed the action, and miscon-

"Answer me," he said sternly; "do not shrink from me, or evade my ques-tion! You know I love you, do you not?"

"Yes, William." "Yes, William."

Every harsh word he spoke to her wounded him as though it were a dagger's point. He was conscious of the suffering he was inflicting upon her by his own pain in the infliction, but he set his teeth close, and did not flinch.

"You know how perfectly I love you, Laura. You know the hold you have upon my heart. You know that I had better be dead than live in the helief that you loved me, and discover too late that I had been deceived. You know this, do you not? Answer me."

know this, do you not? Answer me."
"I believe it," she answered, with

"I believe it," she answered, with trembling lips.

"And now answer me again," he said, solemnly; "do you love me?"

"Yes, William," she replied, with an appealing look.

"Henestly, purely, without deceit?"

"Indeed, indeed, it is so! Oh, William, what change has come over you?"

Did this content him? No. The doubts that haunted him were phandoubts that haunted him were phan-tons that played about every word she uttered, and bore it to his sense with distorted meaning. What had Stephen distorted meaning. What had Stephen told him? In another man's arms but

an hour agone! Shame, shame!
"I suppose," he said, with a quiet bitterness, "it is the usual way in which girls answer their lovers."

"William, William!" she eried, her sobs now breaking into a paroxysm. He was frenzied with love and jealousy, but he could not be entirely in-different to her emotion. That she was false and he had proof in works, but not yet in deed. He would wait for this confirmation, and then would de-cide how to act. In this spirit he strove to sooth her; and although she was almost heart-broken, her sweet, boring nature conquered, making excuses for his altered mood, and after a time she looked up through her tears and smiled.

Reuben Harrild's Christmas parties always broke up early. Some of the merry-makers had far to go, and the weather had to be taken in consideraweather had to be taken in considera-tion. Upon the stroke of ten, his guests prepared to tradge or to be driven to their respective homes. The evening had been a pleasant one, and each one wished his neighbor a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. Even the Woys and Wymers, thawed into geni-ality, shook hands cordislly with all sorts of people; and as for Doctor Bax, there was not a person in the company who did not behave as though he were in a raging thirst, and mistook the lit-tle doctor for a pump!

"The annovance of it is." said Dr.

"The annoyance of it is," said Dr. Bax, as, his face beaming with good nature, he tied a cravat round his throat, "that everything must come to an end—""

an end——"
"I beg your pardon," interposed Mr.
Wymer, sententiously, "not every-

"No?" queried Dr. Bax.
"No? " queried Dr. Bax.
"No. There is the law," said Mr.
Wymer, with an air which proclaimed:
That is eternal.

That is eternal.

"Of course, except the law," said the Doctor; "that will go on forever. Apart from that, however, there is always to me something of sadness in the last stage of a pleasant experience; but it is pleasant, too, to look forward to other pleasant experiences to come. Then life has its duthe. As Mr. Wymer would say, there is the law to look after"—Mr. Wymer nodded complacently—"which returns the compliment by looking after us. However, we have nothing to do with law tenight."

"I beg your pardon," corrected Mr. Wymer.

"The law of good-will and kind-nee," said the lawyer, with a slight color in his parchasest cheeks; adding, in apology: "It is not against the law to remember it at Christmas."

This sentiment was received by the little dector with beaming smiles.

"Well said, Mr. Wymer, well said; but it is not against the law to remem-ber it at all times."

"I referred only to Christmas," said Mr. Wymer, guardedly.

"I referred only to Christmas," said Mr. Wymer, guardedly.
"Well, be it so. It is good, then, to feel that the law of kindness and good-will reigns to-night, at least, and that when we wish cach other a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, tho words are not uttered unmeaningly."
With many more good wishes, the party was about finally to break up, when Dr. Bax took a small cotton hag from his pocket, and opening it, held

when Dr. Bax took a small cotton bag from his pocket, and, opening it, held it out to the company.
"For the poor," he simply said.
"I beg your pardon," said Mr.
Wymer, looking into the bag, which happened to be a blue bag.
"For the poor," repeated Dr. Bax.
"Whose poor?" asked Mr. Wymer, indicially.

udicially.

"Whose poor?" asked Mr. Wymer, judicially.

"Mine—yours—God's!"
Mr. Wymer's face instantly lost its judicial aspect.

"Pardon me," he said, dropping a coin into the bag; and Dr. Bax's eyes glistened at the flash of gold.

Miss Wymer contributed a small packet, saying, stiffly:

"Six and eightpenco. I never give more; I never give less."

Every one, from high to low, gave his mite, William Fairfield being the last. Dr. Bax gently nudged the young farmer, who sullenly flung some pieces of money into the bag. His ungracious manner drew the attention of the little doctor upon him, and from William's doctor upon him, and from William's face his eyes wandered to Laura's. The trouble depicted there startled him, but he made no immediate reference to

"This is good," said Dr. Bax, drawing "This is good," said Dr. Bax, drawing the strings of the bag together. "I am a rich man. I am a happy man. Thank you, friends, in the name of the poor." A dog-cart was waiting outside for the doctor; he stood at the side of the pony until William came from the house.

"Here you are at last," he cried; jump in."
But William turned away, saying he was not in the humor for company. Doctor Bax laid his hand gently upon

was not in the humor for company. Doctor Bax laid his hand gently upon the young man's arm.

"That is just the reason why company should be fored upon you; unless, ladeed," said the doctor, with an upward glance at William's white face, "the impulse which urges you to shun your friend springs from pure happiness. There are feelings so sacred as to demand solitude—feelings with which, when our souls are silrred by them, only the spirit of Nature can have communion. When I was a young man, I was at intervals for a brief space under such a spell. Then I would wander into the woods, where no human eye could behold me, and my soul would pour out its gratitude for the Heavenly happiness which melted me into worship. William, when I was your age, I loved."

I loved."

"And now?" questioned William, in a tone which exhibited no sympathy for his friend. His griof and despair were overwhelming in their soliish force, and he had no room in his heart for other sentiment.

"And now" "replied Dr. Per with

force, and he had no room in his heart for other sentiment.

"And now," replied Dr. Bax, with simple pathos, "I am alone in the world. Ah, no!" he cried, with swift correction of himself; "how can a man be alone when humanity calls out to him, holds out its hand and says: "Give me of your heart; double my joy by sharing it with me; lessen my sorrows and troubles by sympathizing with them!" No, I am not alone, though the woman I loved was snatched from me by death. Upon her grave I can lay not only sweet memories, but such daily duties as it is in my humble power to perform, and which it gladdens her soul to see, as she gazes upon me from the spirit-world with eyes of love."

You are fortunate in your memor "You are fortunate in your memories," said William, moodily.

"If I had not the evidence of my senses, I should think that it was Stephen Winkworth who makes that remark to me, not the William Fairfield who has as true cause to bless his lot as any man dare hope for. Yes, thank God, I am fortunate in my memories; they are the stars of my life. William, I have some visits to make and you must accompany me. Nay I will not I have some visits to make and you must accompany me. Nay, I will not be denied. You need companionship. I am a doctor of the mind as well as of He paused for awhile, insuffering." He paused for awhile, inviting considence, and, cliciting none, continued: "Gleomy thoughts come to all men at times; and although I do not desire to intrude upon yours against your wish, I shall not allow you to brood over your shadows and magnify them out of all reasonable proportions."

William started at the word "shadows," and considered for a moment.

ows," and considered for a moment. It was but a few minutes past ten o clock, and the appointment which Stephen Winkworth had told him that Stephen Winkworth had told him that Laura had made with another lover was not to take place until an hour after midnight. Dr. Bax was his true friend, and he could not shake him off without resorting to subterfuge. He had time to accompany the doctor, and return to witness the false girl's treachery, if Stephen Winkworth had not lied to him.

"I will gre with you," he said

treachery, if Stephen Winkworth had not lied to him.

"I will go with you," he said.

Away they sped to the adjacent village, the pony throwing up the snow merrily with his hoofs, as though he knew upon what errand they were bent. Dr. Bax lived in the heart of the village, and he drew rein at his house. A pretty maid ran out to hold the pony, between whom and herself an intimacy of an affectionate nature evidently existed.

"Come in, William," said the doctor; "I want you to help me."

Upon the doctor's table was quite a number of parcels and a few toys, which he desired William to place in the dog-cart. While this was being done, the doctor employed himself in counting the money he had collected at Mr. Harrild's, adding to it the contents of a money-box which he took from a cupboard. As he wrapped the money in small paper packets, he explained the matter to William.

"I have a fancy sometimes for useless triffes which I can do year.

the matter to William.

"I have a fancy sometimes for useless trifles which I can do very well
without. When I succeed in checking
my extravagant whims, I put the money
thus saved in this particular money-box
till Christmas comes. I have to encroach upon it occasionally, but I do so
as saldom as possible. I have caught
myself," he said, with a laugh, "fanging needless things out of sheer willfulness, for the purpose, I do believe,
of adding to my store of savings. I
have been fortunate this year—but not
fortunate enough, not fortunate enough.
There are no many, and one man can
do so little!"

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

paper Editors and Report

one They See and the Ton They Meet in Their Search for News-An Onderpoid Class, as a Rule, and Their Souls Nobody's Care.

Rev. T. DeWitt Taimage, in a recent sermon, took up the cudgel for the news-paper men, illustrating their trials, temp-tations and almost ceaseless labors in the fight for current news in a forcible man-ner. He took for his text:

Behold a flying roll!-[Zachariah v., l.

Dr. Talmage said: This winged sheet of Dr. raimage said: This winged sheet of the text had on it a prophecy. The flying roll to-day is the newspaper. In calcu-lating the influences that affect society you can no more afford to ignore it than you can ignore the noonday sun or the Atlantic Ocean.

It is high time that I preach a sermon

It is high time that I preach a sermon expressing my appreciation of what the newspaper press has done and its doing. No man, living or dead, is or has been so indebted to it as I am, for it gives me perpetual audience in every city, town and neighborhood of Christendom, and I take this opportunity before God and this people to thank the editors and publishers, and compositors and type-setters the world over, and I give fair notice that I shall take every opportunity of enlarging this field, whether by stenographic report on the Sabbath, or galley-proofs on Monday, or previous dictation. I have said again and again to the officers of this church, whoever else are crowded, don't let the reporters be crowded. Each responsible and intelligent reporter is ten or fifteen churches built on to this church. Ninety-five per cent. of the newspapers are now my friends, and do me full justice and more than justice, and the other five of the hundred are such notorious liars that nobody believes them.

and the other five of the hundred are such notorious liars that nobody believes them. It was in self-defense that sixteen years ago I employed an official stenographer of my own because of the appalling misrepresentations of myself and church. From that things have miraculously changed, until now it is just as appalling in the marvelous opportunity opened.

The newspaper is the great educator of the nineteenth century. There is no force compared with it. It is book, pulpit, platform, forum, all in one. And there is not an interest—religious, liferary, commercial, selentific, agricultural or mechanical—that is not within its grasp. All our churches, and schools, and colleges, and anylums, and art galleries feel the quaking of the printing press.

ing of the printing press.

The institution of newspapers arose in Italy. In Venice the first newspaper was published, and monthly, during the time Italy. In Venne the ures newspaper was published, and monthly, during the time that Venice was warring against Solyman the Second, in Dalmatia, it was printed for the purpose of giving military and commercial information to the Venetians. The first newspaper published in England was in 1888, and called the English Mercury. Others were styled the Weekly Discoverer, the Secret Out, Heraclitus Ridens, etc.

Who can estimate the political, scientific, commercial and religious revolutions roused up in England for many years past by Bell's Weekly Dispatch, the Standard, the Morning Chronicle, the Post and the London Times?

The first attgmpt at this institution in France was in ewil, by a physician, who published the News for the amusement and health of his patients. The French nation understood fully how to appreciate this power. Napoleon, with his own hand, wrote articles for the press, and so early as in 1825 there were in Paris 109 journals. But in the United States the newspaper has come to unlimited sway. Though in 1775 there were but thirty-seven in the whole country, the number of published journals is now counted by thousands; and to-day—we may as well acknowledge it as not—the religious and secular newspapers are the great educators of the country.

I find no difficulty in accounting for the

the great educators of the country.

I find no difficulty in accounting for the world's advance. Four centuries ago, in Germany, in courts of justice, men fought with their fists to see who should have the decision of the court; and if the judge's decision was unsatisfactory, then the judge fought with counsel. Many of the lords could not read the deeds of their own estates. What has made the change?

"Books," you say.

No, sir! The vast majority of citizens do not read books. Take this sudience, or

do not read books. Take this audience, or any other promiscuous assemblage, and how many histories have they read? How many treatises on constitutional law, or political economy, or works of science? How many elaborate poems or books of travel? How much of Boyle, of De Tocqueville, Xenophon, or Herodotus, or

Percival? Not many.
In the United States the people would not average one such book a year for each individual.

pacity to talk about all themes, secular and religious—this acquaintance with science and art—this power to appreciate the beautiful and grand? Next to the Bible the newspaper—swift-winged and everywhere present, flying over the fences, showed under the door, tossed into the counting-house, laid on the work-bench, hawked through the cars. All read it: white and black, German, Irishman, Swiss, Spanish, American, old and young, good and bad, sick and well, before breakfast and after tea, Monday morning, Saturday night, Sunday and week day.

I now declare that I consider the news-paper to be the grand agency by which gespel is to be preached, ignorance cast out, oppression debrowed, crime extir-pated, the world raised, Heaven rejoiced

and God glorified.

In the clanking of the printing press, as the sheets fly out, I hear the voice of the Lord Almighty proclaiming to all the dead nations of the earth, "Lazarus, come forth!" and to the retreating surges of darkness, "Let there be light!" In many of our city newspapers, professing no more than secular information, there have appeared during the past ten years some of the grandest appeals in behalf of religion, and some of the most effective interpretations of God's government among the nations.

There are only two kinds of newspapers
—the one good, very good, the other bad,
very bad. A newspaper may be started
with an undecided character, but after it
has been going on for years everybody
flads out just what it is; and it is very
good or it is very bad. The one paper is
the embodiment of news, the ally of virtue, the foe of crime, the delectation of elevated taste, the mightiest agency on earth
for making the world better. The other
paper is a brigand amid moral forces; it is
a beslimer of reputation; it is the right
arm of death and hell; it is the mightiest
agency in the universe for making the
world weres and battling the cause of God.
The one an angel of intelligence and merory; the other a fleed of darkness. Between
this Archangel and this Pury is to be
fought the great battle which is to decide
the fate of the world. If you have any
doubt as to which is to be the victor, ast
the prophecies, sait fleel; the chief hatteries with which he would vindicate the
right ast thunder down the wrong, have
not yet been unimbered. The great Armapatien of the antiens is not to be fought

s, and the control and refour great newspaper.
Men of the press, under ments. Men of the press, under God you are to decide whether the human race shall be saved or lost. God has put a more stependous responsibility upon you than upon any other class of persons. What long strides your profession has made in influence and power since the day when Peter Schoeffer invented cast metal type, and because two books were found just alike they were ascribed to the work of the devil; and books were printed on strips of bamboo; and Rev Jases Glover originated the first American printing press; and the Common Council of New York, in solemn resolution, offered forty pounds to any printer who would come there and live; and when the Speaker of the House of Parliament in Regiand amounced with indignation that the public prints had recognized some of their doings; until in this day, when we have in this country about five hundred skilled honcerables. country about five hundred skilled ographers, and about thirteen thouphonographers, and about thirteen thou-sand newspapers, printing in one year 2,500, 000,000 copies. The press and the telegraph have gone down into the same great harvest field to reap, and the telegraph says to the newspaper: "I'll rake while you bind;" and the iron teeth of the telegraph are set down at one end of the harvest field and drawn clean across, and the newspaper gathers up the shoaves, setting down one sheaf on the breakfast table in the shape of a morning newspaper, and jutting down another sheaf on the tea table in the shape of an erening newspaper; and that man

on another sheaf on the tea table in the shape of an evening newspaper; and that man who neither reads nor takes a newspaper would be a curiosity. What vest progress since the day when Cardinal Welvey decired that either the printing press must go down or the Church of God must go down to the Church of God must go down to the time, when the printing press and pulpit are in combination, and a man on the Sabbath day may preach the Gospel to millions.

Notwithstanding all this that you have gained in position and influence, men of the press, how many words of sympathy do you got during a year? Not ten. How many sermons of practical helpfulness for your profession are veractled during the twelve months?" Not one. How many words of executation, and denunciation.

your profession are venached during the twelve months?" Not one. How many words of excertation, and denunciation, and hyper-criticism do you get in the same length of time? About ten thousand. If you are a type-setter and get the type in the wrong foat the foreman storms at you. If you are a foreman and can not surmount the insurmountable and get the "forms" ready at just the time, the publisher and make mismansgoment, then the owners of the paper will be hard on you for lack of dividend. If you are an editor and you announce an unpopular sentiment, all the pens of Christendom are flung at you. If you are a reporter, you shall be held responsible for the indistinctness of public speakers, and for the bullunders of type-setters, and for the fact that you can not work quite so well in the dickering gaslight and after midnight as you do in the meanday. If you are a proofdickering gaslight and after midnight as you do in the neonday. If you are a proof-reader, upon you shall come the united wrath of editor, reporter and reader, because you do not properly arrange the periods, and the semicolons, and the exclamation points, and the asterisks. Plenty of abuse for you, but no sympathy. Having been in a position where I could see these things going on from year to year, I have thought that this morning I would preach a sermon on the trials of the newspaper profesion, praying that God may bless the sermon to all those to whom this message may come, and leading those not in the profession to a more kindly and lenient bearing toward those who are.

fession to a more kindly and lenient bearing toward those who are.

One of the great trials of this newspaper profession is the fact that they are compelled to see more of the shams of the world than any other profession. Through every newspaper office, day by day, go the weaknesses of the world, the wantifes that want to be puffed, the revenges that want to be puffed, the revenges that want to be corrected, all the mistakes that want to be thought eloquent, all the meanness that wants to get its wares noticed gratis in the editorial columns in order to save the tax of the advertising column, all the men who want to be set right who never were right, all the crack-brained philosophers, who want to be set right who never were right, all the crack-l-rained philosophers, with story as long as their hair and as gloomy as their finger-nails, in mourning because bereft of soap; all the itinerant bores who come to stay five minutes and stop an hour. From the editorial and reportorial rooms, all the follies and shams of the world are seen day by day, and the temptation is to believe neither in God, man nor woman. It is n surprise to me that in your profession ther are some skeptical men. I only wonder that you believe anything. Unless an edi-tor or a reporter has in his present or his early home a model of earnest character. or he throw himself upon the upholding grace of God, he must make temporal and

early home a model or earnest character, or he throw himself upon the upholding grace of God, he must make temporal and eternal shipwreck.

Another great trial of the newspaper profession is inadequate compensation. Since the days of Hazlitt and Sheridan and John Milton and the wailings of Grabb street, London, literary toil, with very few exceptions, has not been properly requited. When Oliver Goldsmith received a friend in his house he, the author, had to sit on the window, because there was only one chair. Linaces sold his splendid work for a ducat. De Foe, the author of two hundred and eighteen volumes, died penniless. The learned Johnson dined behind a screen because his clothes were too shabby to allow him dine with the gratlemen who, on the other side of the acreen, were applauding his works. And so on down to the present time, literary toil is a great struggle for bread. The world seems to have a grudge against a man who, as they say, gots his living by his wits; and the day laborer says to the man of literary toil: "You come down here, and shove a plane, and hammer a shoe-last, and break cobblestones, and earn an honest living as it do, instead of sitting there in idleness scribbling." But God knows that there are no harder worked men in all the earth than the newspaper people of this country. It is not a matter of hard times; it is characteristic of all times. Men have a better appreciation for that which appeals to the brain. They have no idea of the immense financial and intellectual exhautions of the newspaper press. They grumble because they have to pay five cents a copy, and wish they had only to pay three, or paying three, they wish they had only to pay one. While there are a few exceptions—and some few do make large fortunes—the vast majority of newspaper propole in this day have a struggle for a livelihood; and if in their hardship and exasperation they sometimes write things they ought not to write, let those facts be an alleviation. O men of the press, it will be a great help to yon if, when

enough to take the life out of him. He must visit court-rooms which are almost always disgusting with rum and tobacco. He must expose himself at the fire. He must write in fortid alley-ways, Added to all that he must have hasty mastication and irregular habits. To bear up under this tremendous nervous strain they are tempted to artificial stimulus, and how many thousands have gone down under that pressure God only knows. They must have something to counteract the wet, they must have something to keep out the chill, and after a scant night's sleep they must have something to revive them for the morning's work. That is what made Horace Greeley such a stout temperance mas.

Another trial of this profession is the fact that no one seems to care for their souls. They feel bitterly about it, though they laugh. People sometimes laugh the loudest when they feel the worst. They are expected to gather up religious proceedings and to discuss religious doctrines in the editorial columns, but who expects them to be saved by the sermons they phonomenals on the the doctrines that discuss religious they discuss the discussion of the them. them to be saved by the semons they phonograph, or by the doctrines they discuss in the editorial columns? The world looks upon them as professional. Who preaches to reporters and editors? Some of them came from religious homes, and when they left the paternal rool, whoever regarded or disregarded, they come off with a father's benediction and a mother's prayer. They never think of those good old times, but tears come into their eyes, and they more around this great, roaring metropolis homesick. O, if they only knew what a helpful thing it is for a man to put his weary head down on the bosen of a sympathetic Christ! He knows how nervous and thred you are. He has a heart large enough to take in all your interests in this world and the next. O, men of the news-paper press, you sometimes get sick of this world, it seems so bollow and unsatisfying. If there are any people in all the earth that need God, you are the men, and you shall have Him if only this day you implore His

Let me ask all men connected with the Let me ask all men connected with the printing press that they help us more and more in the effort to make the world better. I charge you in the name of God, before whom you must account for the tremendous influence you hold in this country, to consecrate yourselves to higher endeavors. You are the men to fight back this invasion of covernt life. ter. I charge you in the name of God, before whom you must account for the tremendous influence you hold in this country, to consecrate yourselves to higher endeavors. You are the men to fight back this invasion of courupt literature. Lift up your right hand and awear new allegiance to the cause of philanthropy and religion. And when, at last, standing on the plains of judgment you look out upon the unnumbered throngs over whom you have had influence, may it be found that you were among the mightiest energies that lifted men upon the exalted pathway that leads to the renown of Heaven. Better than to have sat in editorial chair, from which, with the finger of type, you decided the destinies of empires, but decided them wrong, thay you had been some dungeoned exile, who, by the light of window iron-grated, or scraps of a New Testament leaf, picked up from the hearth, spelled out the story of Him who taketh away the sins of the world.

In eternity Dives is the beggar!

Well, my friends, we will all soon get through writing and printing and proof-reading. What then? Our life is a book. Our years are the chapter. Our months.

Meil, my friends, we will all soon get through writing and printing and proof-reading. What then? Our life is a book. Our years are the chapters. Our months are the paragraphs. Our days are the sentences. Our doubts are the interrogation points. Our imitation of others the quotation marks. Our attempts at display a dash. Death the period. Elernity the percention. O God. where the percention. O God, where will we spend it? Have you heard the news, more startling than any found in the journah of the last six weeks? It is the tidings that man is six weeks? It is the tidings that man is lost. Have you heard the news, the gladdest that was ever announced, coming this day from the throne of God, lightning couriers leaping from the palace gate? The news! The glorious news! That there is pardon for all and comfort for all trouble. Set it up in "double leaded" columns and direct it to the whole race.

healthy intelligence. For Name the nearest press for giving such pressi-nence to murders and countain. Do you suppose that so many papers would give prominence to these things if the people did not demand them? I go into the meet market of a foreign city, and I find that the butchers hang up on the most comple-uous hooks meat that is tainted, while the the butchers and up on the most that is fresh and savory is put away without any especial care. I come to the conclusion that the people of that city love tainted meat. You know very well that if the great mass of people in this country get hold of a newspaper and there are in it no runsway matches, no broken-up families, no defamation of men in high position, they pronounce the paper insipid. They say, "It is shockingly dull to-night." I believe it is one of the trials of the newspaper press, that the people of this country demand moral slush instead of healthy, intellectual food. Now, you are a respectable man, an intelligent man, and a paper comes into your hand. You open it, and there are three columns of splendidly written editorial, recommending some scientific theory. In the next column there is a miserable, contemptible divorce case. White do you read first? You dip into the editorial long enough to say: "Well, that's very ably written." and you read the divorce case from the "long primer" type at the bottom, and then you want, and they give it to you. I believe that if the church and the world bought nothing but pure, honest and healthful newspapers, nothing but pure, honest and healthful newspapers would be rublished. If you should gather all the editors and reporters of this country in one great convention, and then ask of them what kind of a paper they would unanimously say: "We would prefer to publish, I believe they would unanimously say: "We would prefer to publish, I believe they would unanimously say: "We would prefer to publish, I believe they would unanimously say: "We would prefer to publish, I believe they would prefer to publish, I believe they would unanimously say: "We would prefer to publish, I believe they would unanimously say: "We would prefer to publish, I believe they would unanimously say: "We would prefer to publish, an elevated paper." So long as there is an inquitous supply. I make no spology for a dobacuched newspaper, but I am saying these things in order to divide the respon —The Legislature of Connecticut re-jected without debate or comment the petition that the testimony of atheists and unbelievers be taken in court the same as that of any one else.—Hartford Post. —In the Episcopal Church in the East a lay order has been started called "The Holy Name Society" to break up profane swearing. There is an ancient society like it in the Roman Catholic Church. —Sometimes I've asked every body, that never told a lie to stand up. Every fellow was looking around to see if any body was goin' to get up. If any body had a got up I'd a given him the floor and sat down.—Sam Jones. —A nephew of Cetewayo, the famous Zulu chief, has been studying for five or six years in Sweden, for the most part in Stockholm, and is on his way back to his native land where he hopes to labor

—The pastors of several churches have adopted the plan of having an inquiry-meeting at each ordinary Sabbath evening service with marked good results. The congregations are larger and more interested, and there are generally found several inquirers in attendance.—Christian at Work. -For many years it has been one of

ELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL

-Mrs. Talmage, the wife of

—The Methodists in Bulgaria he formed an association for publishing monthly religious newspaper to called the Christian Witness.

—For many years it has been one of my constant regrets that no schoolmaster of mine had a knowledge of natural history, so far, at least, as to have taught me the grasses that grow by the wayside, and the little, wingless neighbors that are continually meeting me with a salutation which I can not answer, as things are.—Thomas Carlyle.

—The Examiner has information that two Bussian Baptists who were accused by Russian "popes" because of the'r religious belief, were sentenced to death by the court. Their wives, children and relatives were also brought into court, and when asked whether they would give up their belief, they said: "Do with us what you please, but we will abide by the same faith." They were sent to prison, but they read the Bible there to their fellow prisoners.—N. Y. Examiner.

—Statistics show, says a Hamburg paper, that Germany stands at the head of the educated countries of Europe. In Germany, 94 per cent. of the popula-tion can read; in England, 91 per cent.; tion can read; in England, 91 per cent.; Austria, 88 per cent.; France, 88 per cent.; Russia, 53 per cent. In Ger-cent.; Russia, 53 per cent. In Ger-many, 89 can read, write and cipher; in England, 81 per cent.; France, 77 per cent.; Austria, 75 per cent.; Italy, 63 per cent.; Spain, 46 per cent.; Russia, 39 per cent.

## WIT AND WISDOM.

—You will gain a good reputation if you avoid those actions which you cen-sure and blame in others.—N. Y. Led-

—"Can February March?" asked the punster, with a sickly smile. "Perhaps not," replied the quiet man, "but April May."—Boston Transcript.

—The reason why the word "honey-moon" is only applied to married per-sons is probably because the moon only affects the tied.—Pacific Jester.

— "Politeness," says a modern Yankee Socrates, "is lawful tender all the world over; it will win nine times out of ten on mankind, and is a good risk to take even upon the mule."

— "Ohio eggs beat the world," boasts a braggart Buckeye journal. Well! The world beats Ohio eggs. Thus, even in matters of poultry, are all things made even.—Puck.

—Some one says: "Nothing can be both a failure and a success." Can't it? Study on this awhile. When the weather forces the mercury down to zero it always comes to naught.—Bing-hamlon Republican. —So witty a compliment is rarely made as that of Sydney Smith's to his friends, Mrs. Tighe and Mrs. Cuffe: "Ah! there you are—the cuff that every one would be glad to wear, and the tie that no one would lose!"

team; he was on the train.

## Texas Siftings. A Little Toddler's Question.

Little Girl (to her paps, who indulges sometimes)—Paps, my book says that a tod is twenty-eight pounds of wool; is that correct? Papa—Yes, my child.

Little Girl-Well, then, a toddy must

Little Girl—Well, then, a toddy muse be either more or less wool, isn't it?

Fapa—No, dear. A toddy is a mixture of spirits and water.

Little Girl—But papa, don't toddy have something te do with wool. Isn't it some kind of wool?

Fapa—No, my dear child. But why do you ask such a question as that?

Little Girl—I don't want to tell.

Fapa—I want you to tell me immediately.

ately.

Little Girl-Well, mamma told me than you tried to pull the wool over her eyes every time you came home full of thely, and especially when you came home full of thely, and especially when you would be at night.—Pecific day.